



ORIGINALS

MILT JACKSON
AT THE MUSEUM
OF MODERN ART
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1. **The Quota** (4:32)
(Jimmy Heath)
2. **Novamo** (5:45)
(Milt Jackson)
3. **Enigma** (3:40)
(J.J. Johnson)
4. **Turquoise** (5:15)
(Cedar Walton)
5. **Chyrise** (3:20)
(Milt Jackson)

Personnel:
Milt Jackson, vibes
James Moody, reeds
Cedar Walton, piano
Ron Carter, bass
Candy Finch, drums

6. **Montelei** (4:45)
(Milt Jackson)
7. **Simplicity & Beauty** (2:44)
(James Moody)
8. **Flying Saucer** (5:00)
(James Moody)
9. **Namesake** (4:12)
(Milt Jackson)

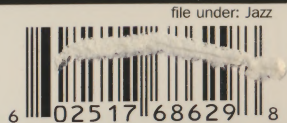
Recorded "Live" at the Museum of
Modern Art in NYC, August 12, 1965.

Produced by Luchi De Jesus
Engineer: Tom Owen
Art Direction: Suzanne Kisslan

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MILT JACKSON—Vibes

JAMES MOODY—Reeds

CEDAR WALTON—Piano

RON CARTER—Bass

CANDY FINCH—Drums

THE QUOTA

NOVAMO

ENIGMA

TURQUOISE

CHYRISE

MONTELEI

SIMPLICITY & BEAUTY

FLYING SAUCER

NAMESAKE



SIDE 1

THE QUOTA

Writer: J. Heath
Publisher: MJQ Music Inc. (BMI)—4:32

NOVAMO

Writer: M. Jackson
Publisher: MJQ Music Inc. (BMI)—5:45

ENIGMA

Writer: J. J. Johnson
Publisher: Two Jazz Publishing Co. (BMI)—3:40

TUROOISE

Writer: C. Walton
Publisher: Jazz Standard Music Publishing Co. (BMI)—5:15

SIDE 2

CHYRISE

Writer: M. Jackson
Publisher: MJQ Music Inc. (BMI)—3:20

MONTELEI

Writer: M. Jackson
Publisher: MJQ Music Inc. (BMI)—4:45

SIMPLICITY & BEAUTY

Writer: J. Moody
Publisher: Comac Music Corp. (ASCAP)—2:44

FLYING SAUCER

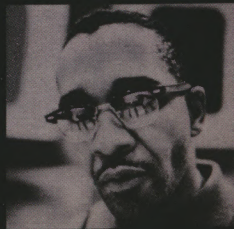
Writer: J. Moody
Publisher: Comac Music Corp. (ASCAP)—5:00

NAMESAKE

Writer: M. Jackson
Publisher: MJQ Music Inc. (BMI)—4:12

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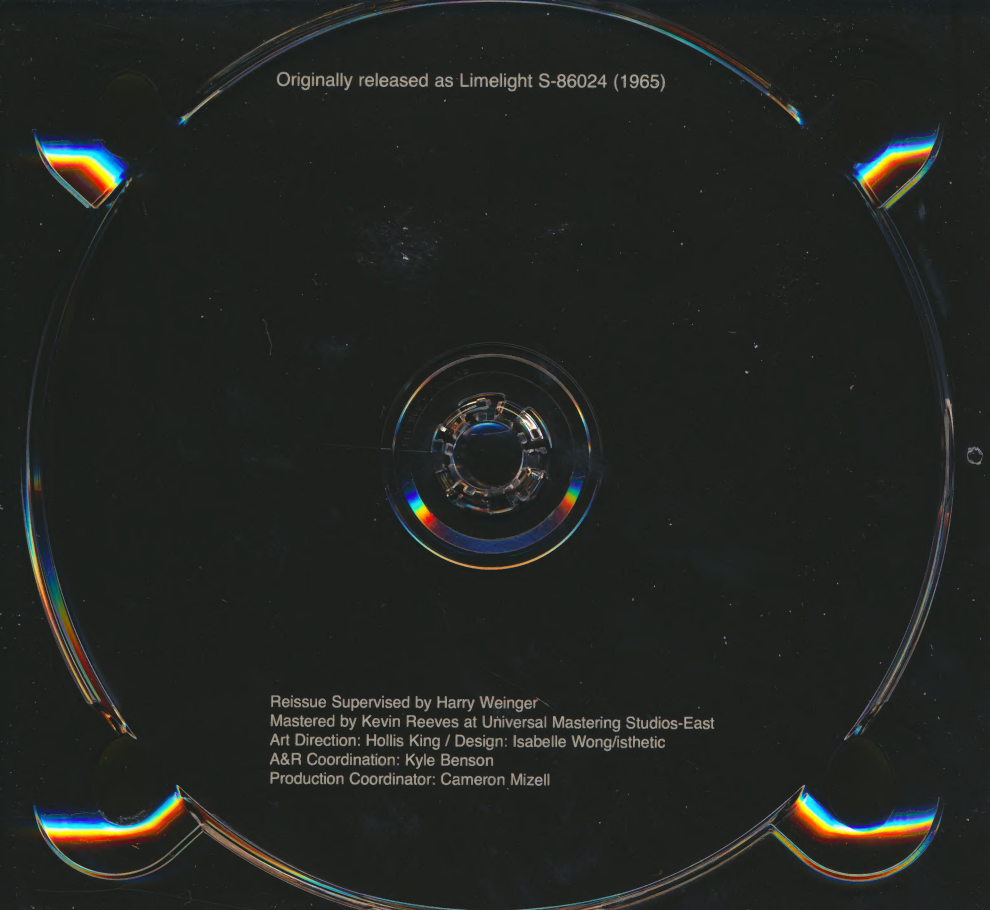
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MILT JACKSON
AT THE MUSEUM
OF MODERN ART





Originally released as Limelight S-86024 (1965)

Reissue Supervised by Harry Weinger
Mastered by Kevin Reeves at Universal Mastering Studios-East
Art Direction: Hollis King / Design: Isabelle Wong/isthetic
A&R Coordination: Kyle Benson
Production Coordinator: Cameron Mizell

It was one of those beastly mid-summer days that New Yorkers dread. The Temperature climbed into the high 80s and the humidity climbed right along with it. At dusk, everyone was in that state midway between outright exhaustion and sodden ill-temper.

Sixth Avenue from the low 50s on up to the Park was chocked with traffic trying vainly to cope with islands of construction equipment at nearly every corner. The sky scrapers of the Rockefeller Center complex seemed to poke wearily into the smog-grey sky.

But at 11 West 53rd Street loomed an oasis of sanity – The Museum of Modern Art. It inevitably startles the casual visitor by its nameplate, lettered sideways but hung vertically, above the front door. "You have to lie down to find out where you are," more than one wag has said to the groans of dismay of everyone within earshot. Somebody really should think up a much better line than that.

Inside, New Yorkers engage in one of the most civilized of pursuits: the appreciation of the art of our time. It is a very sophisticated and also a very camp thing to do, this viewing of pictures and sculpture and other manifestations of the artistic. A trip through the Museum of Modern Art is much like a walk through the street on which you grew up: there are so many familiar and beloved faces. Here you will suddenly come upon Andrew Wyeth's "Christina's World." Or you will see the small and very exquisitely crafted, "The Persistence of Memory," by Dali. Or "Guernica" by Picasso, overpowering an entire room from its stark position on one wall. Here are Stuart Davis, Tchelitchew,

Jackson Pollock, Jack Levine, Peter Blume, all the good ones, some of the almost good ones, and a dew of the strange ones.

And here, on this steaming Thursday night, was jazz. An art so modern that it deserved to be represented in *this* museum. And so it was. And handsomely, too.

"IS MILT JACKSON THE ONE WHO WAS WITH THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET?"

The girl behind the Museum's information desk made a *moue* as she repeated the question asked her over the telephone, then tossed her head and replied, "He still is."

It was just after 7 and the precious air conditioning was escaping out the front door and out the rear door, too, as people streamed in and out and sometimes departed only to return again almost immediately.

"There's going to be a big crowd tonight," the young lady said. "They're already coming in." And sure enough, they, the jazz fans, were already streaming into the Museum Sculpture Garden. Before the night was out, *they* would number 2801, something of a high mark for attendance at the popular weekly series of jazz concerts.

But for now they just stood groups or squatted on the grey Vermont marble pavement and chattered, looking very much as if they were rehearsing for a cocktail party.

The Garden is properly called The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden. It covers some 35,000 square feet and meanders up three levels. There are pools of darkish water and some stiffly graceful trees (live) along with some remarkable pieces of sculpture dotting the layout.

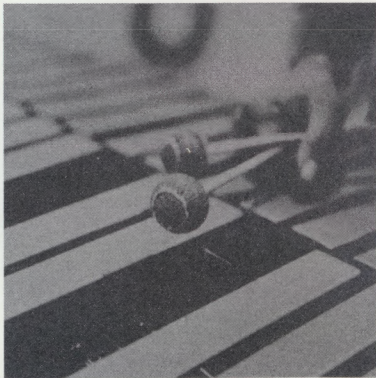
The Garden was named in honor of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., one of the original founders of the museum.

Jazz in The Garden was originated by the late Metronome magazine and the Museum, and is now carried on jointly by the Museum and Down Beat, whose New York editor, Dan Morgenstern, is on the program committee and is the soft-spoken MC of the concert.

The Garden is a bluntly pretty place. Even firmly pretty, you might say. The pavement, walls, sculpture, even the sky are an unrelenting grey. But as night falls over the city and the sound of heavy traffic slowly give way to the hum of heavy air-conditioners, lights soften the corners and angles in the Garden. Then the trees become important.

A dark-haired young lady took up her place just inside the door and hawked little cushions to concert-goers inclined to sit. "Give me two of the best seats in the house," said a graying man whose hair looked stapled to his head, and the girl smiled although she must have heard this every Thursday night of her life. At least, her recent life and the summers of it, particularly.

The audience for Jazz In The Garden is unpredictable in look and composition. It appreciates most everything the musicians offer, though. But



there are young people and middle-aged people, a scattering of real old people, mostly women, and a good selection of hippies wearing sunglasses. One wonders if they wear them inside to look at the paintings.

The taste in clothing is mostly campus casual, with the younger women preferring Levis, usually white, filled with thigh and *derriere* to the point of bursting; very loose black sweaters or knot skirts; and very straight, long hair. The young men usually wear surest of the shiny material that looks like some dangerous sort of plastic, white button-down collar shirts with knit ties (God! *they're* coming back!), and hair combed straight across. They tend to talk fast and smoke a lot. The older people look amused by it all, but are attentive to the music and the more flamboyant members of the audience.

THE GUARD WORE BADGE NO. 302.

A girl wearing a dress came over to him and asked, "Can we put a blanket along here and sit on it?" She indicated a stretch of pavement out front of the cafeteria.

"Sure," the guard answered, and rocked back on his heels.

You can do pretty much anything within reason to make yourself comfortable at these concerts.

A young, grey-haired man in an open-collar white shirt and tight brown slacks made the first of what turned out to be exactly 11 trips between the area near the cafeteria and the area near the door to the museum as 8 p.m. came and went. He had a vaguely hunted look.

Charles Graham, another member of the program committee, supervised the sound system and appeared to be in command of an army of microphones. "Moody had been practicing like crazy," he said excitedly. "But I think he's going to play mostly flute tonight. We were supposed to get J.J. Johnson, but when I called today, I found out that he couldn't make it. We were lucky that Moody was available."

The bandstand is a stretch of bare grey Vermont marble near the 54th Street side of the Garden, between a pool and the wall. Behind the musicians are four Matisse *bas reliefs*, "The Back I," "The Back II," "The Back III," and "The Back IV." They are quietly stunning. The musicians are also bounded on the left by Auguste Renoir's dramatic statue, "The Washerwoman"; and on the left by Aristide Maillol's huge lolling nude, "The River."

Milt Jackson's vibes arrived at 8:02, rolled through the front door by a pair of perspiring youths. The one in front kept saying, "You've got to watch the back there." The one in back pushed and watched. At 8:14, Ron Carter strode through the front door carrying his bass as easily as if it were a guitar. Paul Desmond wandered by. His recent album with guitarist Jim Hall was playing over the loudspeakers.

At 8:25 a very tall and thin boy with long blonde hair and a bad complexion walked by. He wore very brief shorts, a T shirt, and sandals.

"Jeez," said a loner standing nearby, "they sure wear anything in here."



Dan Morgenstern tapped the microphone in front of him and nothing happened. He counted and said "testing," and his voice suddenly filled the garden. As he started to speak, the whine of feedback drowned him out.

"That's a sound we've all come to know at the start of these concerts," he smiled. The audience smiled, too.

Dan introduced the musicians and, at 8:37, the concert began.

THE MUSICIANS, OF COURSE, WERE:

Milt Jackson, 42, a native of Detroit and a charter member of the Modern Jazz Quartet. He studied music at Michigan State University and gained first national attention with Dizzy Gillespie's band in 1975. He has been with the MJQ since 1953. In 1957, he was a member of the faculty of the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., where he not only inspired the young musicians he taught, but played sparkling table tennis as well.

James Moody, 40, played with Dizzy in 1947 and is playing with him today. In between, he had led many bands of his own and has played a song so personally that his solo became another song (*I'm In the Mood For Love* and, later, *Moody's Mood For Love*). Moody played flute and sang.

Cedar Walton, piano, is 31 and a modern jazz mainstay. Bassist Ron Carter is 28, and a member of the Miles Davis Sextet. Drummer Candy Finch is a relatively new face on the scene, and has been with Shirley Scott and Stanley Turrentine.

PICASSO'S BLUE PERIOD OPEN
THE PROGRAM.

It was bright and swinging. Milt bent over his vibes until he looked like a question mark.

Novamo had a Latin tinge. Moody's flute work was very bright here.

Enigma was a soft, lovely ballad. Milt's last note shimmered and seemed to hang in the air like the limp banner hanging in front of the Rhodes School across 54th Street.

Turquoise turned out to be a jazz waltz, with Milt fleet and twinkling. Peppery Moody flute and flashing Jackson vibes at the end highlighted this tune.

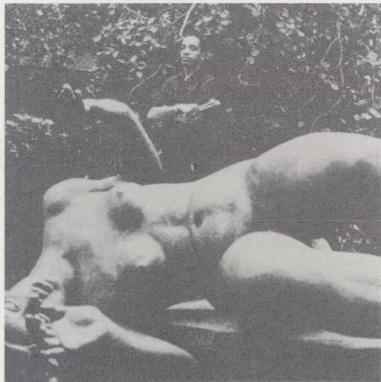
Chyrise was another ballad. Again Milt's last note seemed to perpetuate its vibrato and hang out there heavily, forever.

Montelej had flashing vibes by Milt that drew fine applause from the audience.

Simplicity and Beauty displayed Moody's Flute to advantage in a lovely ballad setting.

Flying Saucer, somewhat Latino at the start, quickly became a delight, thanks to Moody's vocal. At the end, he looked skyward and so did most of the audience.

Namesake rocketed along, pushed by Milt and, finally, by Cedar Walton's fine solo.



THE CONCERT ENDED AT 9:20.

"They didn't even introduce one of the songs by name," a heavy blond girl complained to her escort. He grunted. The following day the tapes were played back at Limelight's New York headquarters and the songs were titled for posterity. So *there*, bovine young blondie.

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ORIGINALS

Milt Jackson
Live At The Museum Of Modern Art 1965

Limelight S-86024

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